



# MOSAIC

2013



## Dear Reader,

This year has been marked by new challenges, but Mosaic has nevertheless undergone transition, growth, and improvement. Though Ohio State's switch to semesters complicated Mosaic's newest initiatives, we overcame this obstacle and succeeded in launching a new website, adding our first ever marketing staff to the Mosaic family, and gaining supportive sponsors. Overall, the 2012-2013 academic year has been an exciting and satisfying year for all of us at Mosaic.

Throughout this busy year, Mosaic has hosted four poetry readings, a t-shirt printing workshop, a photography contest, our signature Professor Protégé event with the talented professors Michelle Herman and Ardine Nelson, and the unveiling of Mosaic's 2013 issue.

We would like to thank the members of our editorial board, art staff, layout staff, literature staff, and marketing staff for their enthusiasm for the arts and their consistent devotion to Mosaic. In addition, we would like to express our gratitude to our sponsors. Without them, the success of Mosaic's events and the high quality of this publication would not have been possible.

We would also like to thank our advisor, Ray Arebalo, for his support and guidance in all of Mosaic's endeavors this year. From putting together the new website to working on the sponsorship contract, Ray continues to be an invaluable member of the Mosaic family.

This publication would not be possible without you - our readers, writers, and artists. Mosaic's mission is to provide a platform for talented undergraduates to publish, share, and improve their work. Thank you for continuing to submit your work and support your fellow artists in the Ohio State undergraduate community by reading Mosaic and attending our events.

We hope that you enjoy this year's edition of Mosaic and encourage you to get involved next year by joining a staff, submitting your work, and attending our events. For more information about our organization, please visit [www.mosaicosu.com](http://www.mosaicosu.com), or e-mail us at [mosaic.magazine.osu@gmail.com](mailto:mosaic.magazine.osu@gmail.com).

Sincerely,

Alyssa Morell and Diane Kollman  
The Editors-in-Chief  
*Mosaic Magazine 2013*

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**Malleable**  
*Amir Dada*

I always knew that my heart was steel,  
screwed shut, silver-coated, never to rust,  
that my ears only caged and squeezed in  
golden chirps as hollow as tin cans,  
that there were chains behind my eyes that  
yanked my well-oiled pupils from mulish orphans,  
that my mouth couldn't croak a cutting  
wisp out into the callous city smoke—  
I always thought that my heart was steel,  
screwed shut, silver-coated, never to rust,

but when I felt his warm, distant cry tell  
how dead his fingers had turned, I finally found  
how easy it was for my blood to ripen red,  
and my heart to unhinge like a treasure box.

**3rd** Robot Rock  
*Gregory Bedalli*  
Ink Sketch/Digital Art





**Rain Bucket**  
*Chase Ledin*

A bucket collects water  
on the porch. Twenty-one  
days of dumping rain,  
twenty nights of waiting  
for more.

A truck driver  
scans aisle three  
for screws. I hand him  
a box, and he looks right  
at me. "Boy, better watch out  
for yourself. Ain't enough  
time to be catching rain  
for strangers."

I dump the bucket on  
the twenty-second day,  
set my hat on the table.  
The sun comes out, the sun  
sets, and no strangers  
have yet come this way.

**Into the Depths of a Dream**  
*Katie Wilson*  
Digital Photography



## Five

*Katherine Bubeleva*

We look like demons against the firelight, the red shining off our skin. Our rifles are useless – we ran out of ammo, or lost it on the way down. It's dark, so dark. We almost lost the lighter. What a tragedy that would've been.

Jack's nervous tic is coming back, and he keeps pressing the push button of his pocket knife. Click-click. Click-click. Click-click. Click-click, like the shutter flash of an old camera.

Between us, there's still enough water for three days, and Marco has five MREs. If we're careful, there'll be one for each of us. If we're lucky, they'll last a few days. Hopefully, someone will find us by then.

It's so quiet down here. I wonder if I'll be able to sleep.

We're running out of things to burn, and what little kindling we have left is shooting off sparks like fireworks. The wood's a little wet. Simon calls it a safety hazard. Marco tells him to shut up. Mike is starting to whimper softly, his jacket gumming with blood and sweat.

Jack keeps pressing the pocket knife's push button. Click-click. Click-click. Click-click. Click-click, like the shutter flash of an old camera.

Mike is the first to fall asleep.

There's no more wood to burn. I'm surprised it lasted three days. The darkness is total, oppressive, down here. The only sound is Jack pressing that goddamn push button. Click-click. Click-click. Click-click. Click-click, like the shutter flash of an old camera.

I count Mike's fingers – he won't wake. Sometimes, I search for the bullet hole. It's high up on his left shoulder. I can feel the ridge of his collarbone. I hold my breath and wait a while, maybe hoping I'll hear him breathe.

We ration off our water, and discuss who'll get Mike's MRE. Simon is mumbling about someone's eyes. Marco and Jack start singing. They keep time with the clicks of the pocket knife. Sometimes Simon's watch will flash like a distress signal out in the bay.

Nobody asks him what time it is.

There used to be an old Ferris wheel that my brother would take me on. At night, after it rained, if you closed your eyes, you could feel the Ferris wheel spin. You'd close your eyes – you couldn't see – but you'd feel the Ferris wheel spin. That's how it feels down here, a Ferris wheel without lights, spinning. Spinning into darkness. Spinning into the abyss.

Jack is pressing that push button. There's no ammo in our guns. Simon is murmuring, murmuring. He thinks something's watching us from the abyss. I make sure Mike's eyes are closed. Simon says they're watching us, but none of us know who they are. It's only been four days. I can't stand the sound of Jack's camera flash. Click-click. Click-click, all day.

We don't have any more MREs, and the water is going fast. We barely drink enough to wet our lips. It's gone before it reaches our throats. I know all of it will be gone by today.

I don't know which one will snap first, Simon or Jack. I can feel Mike's bones through his skin. I wonder if I'll be joining him. I'm hungry. It's only been four days.

Simon is preaching to us. He's telling us about the eyes. The eyes – whose eyes? – are in the darkness. Marco tells Simon it's only ours, reflecting in the glow of his watch. Simon's watch died two days ago. He was checking the time too much.

I can hear Jack clicking away with his pocket knife, like a camera... It's a pocket knife. It's cold. I want to light a fire. I wonder if Kevlar will burn. I count Mike's fingers – there are four. I cut one off yesterday. I can't remember what I did with it. I think I threw it away.

Five. There were only five of us. God help us, it's only been five days. Mike fell asleep three days ago. There are only four of us today.

Jack is pressing the push button. I didn't throw Mike's finger away. Overhead, I can hear it raining. I want to hear the sound of rotor blades. I can't see anything, but I'm watching them, and I know they are watching me. Maybe Jack will be next, I hope he is. I want that pocket knife of his. And maybe when I get it, it'll be easier to cut off fingers. What did I do with Mike's finger? I think I threw it away.



## Experiment

Kyra Pazan

You knocked the bottle of plum wine to the floor with your foot when my hand slipped to your thigh. Your rose-stained mouth found my neck. The smack of lip balm. The scent of alcohol and citrus perfume, fresher and sexier than musky cologne. A deep breath of your crisp-smelling hair and my pelvis convulsed, hands automatically sliding into your shirt and unfastening it, and then your bra, shimmying the straps off your soft, freckled shoulders. To be so in control, to be unfamiliar with a body so familiar, to meet another set of breasts, another pair of feminine hips. You seized with passion and whipped off my shirt, orphaning it on the banister like a curtain to cover us. My fingers crept thrillingly into your shorts, testing, pushing farther, cautiously into your underwear – pink silk lined with lace. Who for? But as I felt the plum wine drain from my face, the fuel froze in my limbs and I removed myself from you, picking up the empty bottle. Go wash your hands, I told you. And you left, leaving me to wonder if you would remember, and if you would care.

Quarry  
David Wai  
Photography

2nd







**Apathy**  
*Kyra Pazan*

Our panorama of gritty rowhomes and last decade's cars  
became the Amazon and the Sahara,  
and the dilapidated water tower became a mountain  
we climbed with jump ropes (wearing bike helmets),  
heels clinking and slipping on the ladder rungs,  
peeling robin's egg blue. We touched the letters  
that spelled the name of our town and scratched them off.  
I still remember that we climbed it on the dawn the towers fell,  
and we watched the waking sun color the skyline with light  
and I felt the glitter on my eyelids turn to grime.  
I didn't care, and realized what the town had done to me,  
anesthetized to the mush of the late summer grass  
between my toes and the smell of cedar-smoked salmon  
that laced the air on barbeque nights in September.

**Snow in June**  
*Kayla Cassidy*  
Photography



Revolution and Revival, Cleveland, Ohio  
Zenon Evans

We flooded in all claiming first. In want,  
we seized the coast, the promised land  
of capital.

A land where oil begot  
iron begot the rails begot the chimneys  
which raised more oil from earth through stone to sky.

The steel mills, like inverted, blackened roots  
grew wild with spider-leg pipes along  
the vascular and twisted waterway.

The Cuyahoga surged with ships, became  
turgid and slick.

Among us, Pollacks, deaf  
by furnace fires, bore out each hour pig iron,  
exchanged with sun-burned longshore Irishmen  
among us. Italians, too, labored, raised  
in union our two-headed horse.

We sent our sons, extensions of, if not ourselves,  
to Germans. Clad not in the black of grease  
but cassocks, exiled and sonless themselves, they  
ad maiorem Dei gloriam laid bricks  
for vaults, like gaping mouths, and spires  
of copper, fingers pointed through the smog.

We, sons, extent of fathers, saw scaffolds  
and girderwork, extent of Fathers, saw  
in such a pattern. Iron-augur called  
for us to take the bridge-wire ropes in use  
of auto-flagellation, smeared the oil  
off axles, mixed with ash, took beams  
and beat them perpendicular.

We splashed  
the steel with Erie water til all cooled.

2nd

Beautiful Danger  
Katie Wilson  
Photography





4th of July  
W.R. Myers

I heard there were clouds of fire, somewhere in the Midwest. They mixed with burning copper, raining sulfur. The smell filled our nostrils as we ran. The trees cracked with black powder thunder, recalling the days of our youth when we were wet with ashes falling from the sky. We tried to wash it away in the rain, but our skin was stained with it. Girls huddling beneath blankets, crying. Their mothers elsewhere. Their fathers elsewhere. Their brothers covered in mud. Still we ran. Today is the day that the world stayed the same, just with different names.

(We named our streets after you, after we placed you in the ground. A forgotten people. We still make jokes when no one is looking. Your labors fed us: your sweat, our cities. Your blood, our crops. And we wonder why we can't sleep and why our lives are quick and empty. We look at your children, bemused, and we each say: "It wasn't me." All this I confess.)

We lined up to be lifted away. Each with their own car waiting. A perfect escape. With no time left, the switches were flipped, and flipped again, wowing the audience. It was a spectacle like nothing they had seen before. Our bombast outweighed the thunder and hid the lightning. The woods shivered; the whole earth quaked. We knew we'd be seen, at last, for who we really were. The time was just about here. The rain soaked all through our clothes. And so we waited.

(We pinned you to our crosses as we passed over the mountains, mad for the coast. We held your daughters by their hair. We told you to spit on your holy words and screamed, "prophesy!" as we hit you when you still refused us. We knew not from where your strength came: too many trinkets to sort through in linoleum and concrete malls, too many names that we could not pronounce with our European tongues. So we scratched them out from the towns and from the trees and from the wildlife and replaced them with our own, hastily drawn over, poured in by the megaton. We eat and celebrate it now. We draw you funny, twisted you so that we can call you something else. And still we say: "It was all for the best; it was the only way I know." All this I confess.)

The blasts grew louder and quicker until they were one blast. The brilliant light strobed into a sunless day. We knew not to look. We had been told since our youth that it was better to die than to see it. Even our prophets placed lead-black glasses over their eyes when they went out in the desert. They couldn't bear to lie in bed that night staring at the image of their beloved inscribed on their retinas. And so we covered our heads and our faces from the work of our hands, not looking back, counting down the time until it was complete. Eager and waiting. The whispers came: "Now," "Now," "Now."

(Were you there, at the beginning? Did you know the sound?)

And then, right then, right when it couldn't wait any more,

A flash.

Darkness.

Thunder.

A flash.

Darkness.

Thunder.

MAP LEGEND:

A flash: Soaked heads dipping down.

Darkness: Wet shoulders rubbing together.

Thunder: Trembling.

Repeat.

Each one of us slid into their own car without saying a word, not sure if we had done something wrong.



Let's Talk about Feelings  
Tatiana Tomley

I feel nothing today.  
There is nothing more to say.

M. Lisa 2012  
Jarmo van Berkel  
Mixed Media (Series)

1st









## Leaving

Alec Basset

Deadlocked and broken in a blasted parking lot.  
Turmoil.

Chaotic demonstrations,  
packed into a space the size of  
downtown. Providence awaits  
fleeting, fleeing, flopping.

Hoodlums and braggarts rip up roadways,  
screaming revolution in the streets-  
death to all imposters,  
life to all those still living.

Words are drops of blood;  
poetry's a drug and the  
magnificent bow before collapsing  
crumpled a heap white parking lots.

Storms and struggles;  
curled up nothingness looks  
pale beside laughing detachments.  
The gods favor us: sunlight,  
a cackling crone, moonlight turning her into  
the goddess incarnate. These are feelings, but the feeling  
of the feeling is a lie.

Wasted. Shards of broken glass where cities once stood.  
One hammer to blow it away, the parched earth will  
never accept back her seed. Lunchtime blues again-  
the food is pen and paper.

Haha. Post-post modern poetry.  
Bam. Twin-towered clouds, passes  
to Mexico and back. Augurs foretell the future but  
dreamers contend the now. I am somewhere  
in between the two, one foot on shore  
the other in saltwater, wondering why  
limbo seems to be the newly made heaven and  
romantic love manmade hell.

I can do many things, but only one sounds right.  
These daggers have grown rusty while  
green weeds viciously multiply.

Hey-o, who's there?  
The grammarian.  
Grammarian?  
Yes, the grammarian from across  
the Narrow Sea and beyond the Asphalt Wasteland.  
Oh, I see.  
I want you to know I'm lying.

Everyone tries. Everyone fails.  
A beautiful day dawns, bloody red.  
Four in the morning and not enough sleep.

Put it in the pack,  
walked out the back door.

## Twelve is Too Young to Date

Kyra Pazan

After years of training bras and dollar store lip gloss  
and rehearsing for this moment, I am timid and mute,  
lying in the daybreak on your bed.  
In my closet I keep a pair of scuffed pink ballet flats  
and a ratty makeup bag filled with glitter eye shadow,  
my mother's old perfume, and shiny lavender nail polish –  
relics of a guileless time when we played with love,  
groping after track practice in the locker room,  
relishing the impermanence and the meaninglessness.  
I see the outline of my childhood in the faded sun  
behind the gauzy curtains in your bedroom.  
Its distance has never felt so acute.

\*\*\*

Something like cotton rope ties us together  
in a tumbleweed of what is unsaid but understood.  
A snake of tangled, unmentionable desires,  
something we planned for but couldn't rehearse,  
what I wanted but always dreaded,  
like growing up or a rainy day.  
Words I am too cautious to articulate,  
but you hear in my fingertips stroking your bare chest,  
the way I curl my foot around your ankle,  
how I unravel my sighs and let you hear them.



**The Death of a Moth**  
*Tatiana Tomley*

At a holiday party  
In the dark of night  
A moth flew suddenly  
Into a light.  
And then it fell  
To fly no more  
To land in a heap  
Upon the floor.  
Did anyone notice?  
Did anyone see?  
No. No one.  
No one but me.

Translucent  
*Sinclair Kinch*  
Photography







**Child's Rib Cage in the China Sea**

*Ashley Fournier*

Eight thin bones curve up like fingers from your spine. Do you reach for the stars of Pisces, or is your spirit spent from beating against Poseidon's blows? Salt crystallizes in your fissures. Touching your varnished bones frightens me. Cerulean scenes waver about you, vanishing towards an ash-heap. How cleanly you carve into the aqua, translating its cool intonations into prayer. Inflections echo above: "Keep searching." Flashlight beams skim blades of dune grass and plunge into water, probing through wreckage. Beneath layers of shitty residue, you rest, a bass swimming through you, shadowing your vertebrae one by one.

**Wilt/Levitate**  
*Sinclair Kinch*  
Photography



delivering more than papers  
*Söz Zangana*

your hair curls softly in front of your eyes  
worn with worry like the streets we travel on  
if only the state of these people  
weren't like that stubborn lock  
pushed back to the start  
despite each helping hand

how long have you and I been delivering paper  
to homes who need God to deliver so much more?

I would debate with you about poor spending  
just to see your eyes turn the colour of each green light  
but tonight is different  
I am tired of NPR advertisements and instead  
surprise you with a late 1990 cassette from mother's village  
quickly shoving the souvenir in your 1970 Dodge  
I can tell you'd protest but I wore your favourite perfume  
and held you against me at our first red light in months  
it's a celebration from the universe  
as if to say  
- slow down, lovers  
hold his European locks and Spanish tongue against  
your skin wet with Diaspora  
breathe in the air of cigarette smoke, beer and a little weed  
from people who read the paper religiously, yet never seem to vote

let this nameless singer be our first song  
while I translate what I understand  
because you are too proud and too quiet to ask  
"may the dirt that covers you in death, cover me instead," she sings.

Drive To Another Time  
Katie Wilson  
Photography







Thunderbird  
*Kyra Pazan*

Pale orange lamplight flickers  
on the sheen of my grandfather's oak table,  
reflecting off pools of spilled wine  
like scarlet-iced Ukrainian meadows.

His attic yields dusty books  
with faded titles, and daguerreotypes  
of cavalry uniforms and round faces,  
now lost in burial mounds and caverns of bones.

Those hills are gilded with sunflowers,  
but the thunderbirds do not water them  
and wash away the bloody earth,  
clay red and white, sediment over Lviv.

One seed survived the journey,  
tucked in a satchel or wool stocking.  
It grows now in the backyard,  
a grave marker in the garden.

How can he bear to let the flowers live  
while recalling the bloody earth,  
those forgotten faces, erased by czars  
and alive only in his memory of their death?

Sunset  
*David Wai*  
Photography



Rite of Surf, Cleveland, Ohio  
Zenon Evans

4:40 a.m.  
All appears indefinite.  
Erie and sky are poorly welded.  
Wave-crests move  
through a spectrum of grays,  
reach the sand, pallid, shifts  
beneath of feet, pallid, sink  
easily in the countless stones.

4:50 a.m.  
We are naked.  
Against the sand,  
our puckered forms  
are like a swarm  
of electrons. They are  
a swarm of electrons.  
Our eyes feel full  
of sand and strain.

5:00 a.m.  
Apply the wax:  
Tip to tail,  
rail to rail.  
Boards, the shade  
of old tusk,  
are relief  
against which we  
are Orthodox icons:  
planeless and poorly lit.

5:15 a.m.  
Wetsuits, yanked  
from ankle to abdomen,  
look like Shiva-arms, limp.  
Full coverage looks like  
we are being eaten  
by a slug, just big  
enough to our faces.  
Against the welded horizon,  
all we are  
is faces.

5:20 a.m.  
Paddle out.

5:45 a.m.  
Paddle in.

5:50 a.m.  
A gull punctures the broadside of a bloated  
fish.  
The smell  
gets caught in the wind,  
hits me like a gull jamming its beak into my  
own soft, white abdomen.

5:55 a.m.  
I can't stop looking  
at the city.  
It juts into Erie,  
precarious a Atlantis.

Sunset on Beach  
Jiasong Sun  
Photography





## Authors and Artists

### Alec H. Bassett

I enjoy life and the outside. I run a lot, up and down mountains, on beaches, wherever I go really. I am nineteen years old and still have no clue what to write in a 3-4 sentence biography.

### Amir Dada

Amir is a second-year student majoring in biology. His interests include observing the close affinities between music and poetry, learning about biochemistry, and reading the last page of books before reading the first. Nowadays, he finds difficulty in finding time to write because of the time-consuming (and, at times, unnecessary) science classes he takes.

### Ashley Fournier

Ashley is a fourth-year English major with minors in Spanish and Theatre. She has been involved with Mosaic as a writer and literature staff member and has served as Webmaster of Sigma Tau Delta English Honors Society. After she graduates, she plans to pursue a master's degree in education and teach English or Spanish.

### Chase M. Ledin

Chase is a third year English and Sexuality Studies double major at Ohio State. His interests include 20th Century American Poetry, Queer Theory, Postmodern & Poststructuralist theories, Human Sexuality, and Performance Studies. He plans to attend grad school in Higher Education (Cultural Studies) and/or American Studies.

### David Wai

In December 2012, I had the opportunity to travel to Kenya to teach English and math. This submission is a collection of some of the moments that I captured.

### Gregory Bedalli

Life is meant to be fun. Smile more and be awesome. :D

### Jarmo van Berkel

I am an exchange student from Holland. My major is illustration. My interest in Art started by doing Graffiti, which you'll probably notice in my work.

### Jiasong Sun

Two years ago I got my Nikon D5000 and from then on I started to take photos and enjoy taking photos. The first picture was taken on bus and the weather is a little snowing. The second picture was taken on my way from Phoenix to Los Angel. The third picture was taken on beach in LA with sunset.

### Katherine Bubeleva

I'm a third year in Psychology, but for almost a decade now I've held on to a passion for writing. It brings me great pleasure to be able to share my creations with others, and let them take a dip into my world(s). I'm always impressed by the bravery, or foolishness, of some who care more about exploring my domains' blacker realms, instead of bothering to stay out of the darkness. I offer you a fairy light, so that you don't become lost like some of the characters in my stories. May you, at least, always have something to light your way.

### Katie Wilson

Having a love for photography, I enjoy taking my camera and going outside. Most of my work consists of either dreamy, surrealistic shots of nature or subjects that are vintage inspired, especially antique cars. These types of things interest me in photography because I feel like I can step into a different time and place and experience something completely new.

### Kayla Cassidy

I am an early childhood education major from Cincinnati, Ohio. I also hope to achieve a minor in Digital Photography while at OSU. I love taking photos of things in life that most people don't notice! Photography is both a therapy and a hobby for me that I hope to do for the rest of my life.

### Kyra Pazan

I am an English and Anthropology major at OSU. I've taken creative writing courses and love to write poetry and the occasional short story in my spare time. I play on the Ohio State quidditch team, and also enjoy running, dancing, and ice hockey. No matter what I do after college, I'll always write!

### Sinclair Kinch

Sinclair is from Hamilton, Ohio and is currently a third-year student in the Exploration program. She enjoys thunderstorms, blueberry tea, and Joni Mitchell. She plans to become a high school teacher.

### Söz Zangana

Born in the Iraq portion of Kurdistan, my family and I relocated to America when I was 4 years old and I have grown up in America since, I first was introduced to poetry in fifth grade, when I was searching for an outlet as America declared war on my birthplace. Since then, I would say my poetry and work still deals with this changing idea of identity, culture, religion and self.

### Tatiana Tomley

I am a first year Molecular Genetics major at the Ohio State University and I am thinking about pursuing a Creative Writing minor. I enjoy writing poetry and short stories in my free time. My interest in creative writing started in fourth grade and I would love to publish a book of my own poetry someday.

### W.R. Myers

I still believe in the perfect summer. I was born and raised in the suburbs with my parents and my younger brother, who sometimes says ridiculous things, like me. I forget things often. I like thinking about faith, America, where we went wrong, and where we can go from there. I still believe in the perfect summer.

### Zenon Evans

Zenon Evans is Cleveland's biggest cheerleader. He has explored its industrial ruins, lost himself in the Metroparks, and surfed Erie's waves more times than he can remember. He is currently the editor-in-chief of The Rubicon at Ohio State.



## Editorial Board



From Left to Right: Zach Jeffers, Cole Tomashot, Alyssa Morell, Diane Kollman, Max Stauffer, Amy Noakes, Dalong Yang, Meredith Nini, Elise Maxfield, and Ellen Milligan.

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# Matsushima Relief Fund



Mosaic Magazine would like to thank the generous contributions of our sponsors who made this printing possible.

Please consider donating to the Matsushima Relief Fund, a nonprofit 501(c)(3) organization that supports rebuilding efforts in Matsushima, Japan and other areas affected by the March 2011 tsunami. Support Miyagi and Iwate through hand-made blanket donations, letters, and heart-to-heart connections.

Email [matsushimarelieffund@gmail.com](mailto:matsushimarelieffund@gmail.com) for more information, or search "Matsushima Relief Fund" on Facebook.

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